

Agricultural.

FARMERS OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

Farmers like those of "olden times" can only now be seen amidst the forests of the west, or on the prairies green. All antiquated notions have nearly passed away. And views more modern seem to be the order of the day.

The antique owners of the soil could never understand why folks should learn to read, or why they should be taught to think. And an educated man "made a living," and they never went to school.

The mothers and their daughters once were taught to spin and sew. And they didn't have to rack their brains to let "book learnin'" in. Their clothing was all home-made, and what was wanted more they could get with eggs and butter, when at the village store.

Then at the dawn of day, when the birds began to sing, the music of the farmer's voice throughout the house would ring: "There's farming work enough," said he, "for all of us to do."

So just get out of bed, my boys, quick, every one of you! But, reader, time has changed, and new education rules. And farmers' boys must have the very best of schools. And farmers' girls, we know, can never make good wives. It dooms to kitchen service as drudges all their lives.

Confession.

Last winter Geo. W. Riddle, of Manchester, N. H., wrote a sharp letter to Rev. Dr. Spaulding (editor of the *New Hampshire Journal*), in which a portion of this agricultural department is reprinted denouncing us for our criticisms upon Dr. Loring and the "New England Agricultural Society," and intimating that the *Journal* would lose support largely, if we were allowed to continue our "attacks." But now we see by a report of a meeting of the trustees of the society that the truth of our severest criticism is substantially admitted, even by Riddle himself. The fact is that public opinion, of which our articles were merely representative, is too much for them. The society has utterly lost whatever standing it had with the farmers by the gross favoritism and dishonesty of the awards of its packed committees. We were ourself for some years one of the trustees of the society, and as much as ten years ago tried, in company with others, to have a proper organization of committees, but got nothing but opposition, repression, and sneering insult from Dr. Loring and his little ring of bosses. Exhibitors from Vermont suffered gross injustice from those packed committees, and finding their trustees unable to effect any reform, or even to get a respectable hearing from the Great Mogul and his satraps, they have almost entirely ceased to exhibit, or to attend the society's exhibitions. The same state of things has had a like effect elsewhere, so that for the last five or six years the fairs of the society have been scarcely more than local in their exhibits and attendance. The managers have found the policy of giving all the first premiums to "our friends" fatal.

The "phonographic report" of the trustees' meeting alluded to, as it appears in the *Ploughman*, amounts substantially to a confession of most that has been charged against the management. What we have been charging for years in print is admitted fully. Mr. B. J. Stone of Westboro, Mass., (not on the list of trustees) advocated getting expert judges from outside of New England, and paying them for their attendance. He said he had talked to Dr. Loring about it and the doctor brought up the objection that there are no experts! The doctor is too modest to admit that he himself is an "expert" in staving off reform. We got an even less satisfactory reply from him on the same subject at the first exhibition in Lowell. Mr. Stone said he "could not believe that the country is so destitute of good judges of cattle that we cannot get experts enough to judge of the thoroughbreds exhibited at our fairs. I think if we adopt the Rhode Island system, the whole of New England need not be behind the little state of Rhode Island in making a great exhibition. When they send for Rowland P. Hazard and Edward Burnett of Southboro, to judge of cattle, the exhibitors have not a word to say; they know that they are competent men, and men who will carry out their own conviction in regard to cattle. Give me a man who knows what he is to judge, rather than a man whose decisions are influenced by favoritism."

The chairman (name not stated, but probably Loring's man Friday, Needham) complained that this would necessitate the employment of twenty-four men, there being eight classes of cattle. Then there were horses and sheep. Speaking to J. D. Wheat of Putney, Vt., he said, sarcastically, "I suppose it would be very easy to find experts in Merino sheep, would it not, Mr. Wheat?" Wheat's reply was not what was expected. Said he, "I do not know how that is. I think I could find good judges in every class." The chairman thought the society could not afford to pay judges, but he never has objected to the expense of the annual "blow-out" of the favored ring members in Boston, at three or four dollars a plate, nor of the fine barouche in which "President Loring" is carted round for exhibition, in all his grandeur and pomposity, at every fair.

This spoke a Massachusetts trustee, O. B. Hadwen of Worcester. Mr. Hadwen said:

There is a great prejudice working against this society among breeders, because they say it is no use to take their cattle to the New England Fair, for they are not properly judged; it is no use to take cattle to be judged at the New England Fair, where the whole thing is a farce; where the men who are appointed on committees fall to come, and then the breeders are all organized in the judges' tent, and nominate men who will go in their favor. Now, I know from personal experience and observation that the best committee that was ever organized to judge of thoroughbred stock consisted of a committee of three, who knew precisely what their work was, and could not make a mistake. And that is just what we want to do. We want, when our awards are made, that it shall be a certainty that the committee have done no injustice to any competitor; and consequently I renewed the motion that made last year, believing that better results

will be obtained, and greater harmony prevail, if experts are appointed on these committees, the society paying them a reasonable sum. I do not suppose the proposition will be carried, but still, in good faith, I felt it my duty to renew the motion. In order to simplify this matter, I move that a committee of three be appointed by the chair to select committees of three experts in each class of thoroughbreds.

It will be observed that Mr. Hadwen makes precisely the charge which we have ourselves made in reference to this matter, the charge of which Riddle complained. Does he complain of Mr. Hadwen? No, he does not dare to face the facts, and so Mr. Riddle tries compliment and evasion. Says the report:—

COL. RIDDLE. In regard to this matter, I think myself it is very important that we should have good judges. If we could have such men as Mr. Hadwen, I would not object to it at all. I will tell you a little incident that happened within my own knowledge. We had a gentleman who was on the committee upon working cattle four or five years, and took quite an interest in the matter. When he was asked to act in the same capacity again, he said, "I cannot go to your fair; I am going to New York as an expert, and shall get five dollars a day and all expenses paid, and have a good time." The result is he has not been to our fair since.

The question was then put on Mr. Hadwen's motion, and it was lost.

Here up spoke Maj. E. T. Rowell, of Lowell, Mass.:—

MAJ. ROWELL. I would move, in accordance with the suggestion of the treasurer, that the chairman of each committee on the blooded stock be an expert.

MAJ. ROWELL. Why stop when you get through with cattle? Why not have experts on sheep?

COL. RIDDLE. Why not try the experiment this year on cattle? If it works well, it may be extended to other branches of the fair next year. I would move as an amendment that the number of the committees on thoroughbred stock be reduced to three, and that one of them be an expert.

MAJ. ROWELL accepted the amendment.

MR. JOHNSON. I would like to make one inquiry, so as to have this matter turning over in my mind. I want to know what constitutes an expert.

THE CHAIRMAN. Public recognition of his capacity, I suppose. There is such a thing as public recognition of capacity. I suppose that would be the standard.

The vote was then taken on the motion of Maj. Rowell, as amended on the proposition of Col. Riddle, and it was carried.

It will be seen that after denying that there is such a thing as an expert, and refusing Mr. Hadwen's proposition to employ three experts on each committee, another proposition, supported by Riddle, is sprung on the meeting, to the effect that one expert shall be employed on each committee. This is a cheap way of blowing dust in people's eyes. With one expert, selected judiciously, and two other men selected in the president's tent as heretofore, prizes can be awarded to "our friends" with no less ease than in the years that have passed. Riddle moved to reconsider the vote by which committees were reduced from six to three in number, apparently not being satisfied with the chances two to one would afford for the usual "shenanagin." On this Mr. Hadwen did succeed. Says the report:

MR. HADWEN. It seems to me that a committee of more than three is unwieldy. It promotes discussion in committee, which should never be allowed. For instance, when an animal is to be judged by a committee, no one member of the committee should prejudice or influence the mind of another. No person being a member of the committee should advocate the merits of an animal until after a vote has been taken, and this should be by ballot. All members are all alike, there is no necessity for argument; and if the ballots are not taken, each gentleman of the committee has an opportunity to say why he voted for such or such an animal. It facilitates the work very much to have no discussion previous to the vote. Consequently, I know from practical experience, not only in stock, but in fruits, etc., that a committee of three is the most practical committee that you can have. I shall vote against the reconsideration, believing it is best to try this new system, and if there is anything that does not work right, we can change it next year.

The motion to reconsider was lost.

The thanks of all exhibitors are due to Mr. Hadwen for his honest efforts in their behalf. He did not, however, as he said, believe he should succeed in that crowd in getting full expert committee, and intelligent exhibitors will govern themselves accordingly.

The Rohan Potato.

Several years ago a worthy minister, who was scared at the grange, complained bitterly of some of our grangerism in these columns, and expressed the opinion that we had better confine our lucubrations to Jersey cows and Rohan potatoes. We were as mad at this as the fishwoman was whom Burke (if it was Burke) called a parallelopipedon. We didn't know anything about Rohan potatoes, and didn't believe there was such a thing. We were, in fact, as badly disgruntled with the reverend man as Brother Tinkham was with us when we called him a donkey.

But now, for the first time, we learn from an old politician, Ben Perley Poor, that Rohan potatoes did once really exist. Ben says in the *Cultivator*:

"Looking over the journals which have been kept at Indian Hill farm for upwards of sixty years past, I find that fifty years ago the fashionable crop—for there is always some fashionable crop, implement or breed of cattle, sheep, swine or poultry—was the Rohan potato. It originated with a European nurseryman, who named it after Prince Charles de Rohan, and only a few potatoes could at first be had, for love or money. It was cultivated by trenching the earth twenty inches deep and planting the eyes four feet apart. The hills were very high, and the stalks, which grew to be six or seven feet in height, were trained to stakes. The potatoes often weighed nine or ten pounds each, and the yield was sometimes enormous. Hervey Luce of Elmira, N. Y., obtained one potato which yielded fifty bushels. The next year he planted in April forty-eight pounds of seed, and the following September he harvested 4,402 pounds, which measured seventy-four bushels. Other planters of the Rohans were equally successful, and they were sold at seventy-five cents each. It was probably a mammoth species, stimulated by deep cultivation and high manuring. When planted in the ordinary way, it soon degenerated, and I doubt whether there is a hill of Rohan potatoes planted in the United States this year. Yet it was then thought that the Rohans would soon be the only variety planted."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Home Farm* says that at a recent meeting of the grange, a brother—a pale old man of more than seventy years—said: "We don't have faith enough in our farms. We think others have an easier time and gain property faster than farmers. That has not been my experience. If the farmer attends closely to his business he is sure to succeed. Then how much enjoyment he may take in his farm. How much pride and pleasure he has in showing his friends his growing crops, his cattle and his fruit trees. Talk about capitalists with their 'bonds' and 'bank stock.' Do they ever show these to their neighbors and friends? Do they even enjoy them?"

We now feel that such a potato as this, which had to be trained to stakes like a grape vine, would not have been an unworthy topic for our pen; and we forgive our reverend adviser as freely as he would now probably allow the harmlessness of the grange.

The Hardy North German Cherries.

Mr. A. W. Jias of Rochester, Minn., writes in reply to our inquiry in regard to the Osthelm and Lieb cherries, brought into the West by German immigrants, as follows: "It is but little I know of the Osthelm cherry, having never seen one, to my knowledge. I have an old German from Prussia, a practical horticulturist, who has been with me now for the third season. He says he knows the cherry well, and that it is the great wine cherry of his section of Germany. He says a German friend of his brought over some of them to Wisconsin, but they did not succeed very well there, the fruit not growing more than half as large. I understand that E. Myer of St. Peter has them. I visited the only nurseryman of any note residing at St. Peter a few years ago, and I think he introduced me to Mr. Myer, but I heard nothing of the cherry. My acquaintance there is T. G. Carter, an old member of our state horticultural society, and if this cherry was doing well at St. Peter, we should have had ample notice of it ere this, I think. I know of no cherry that is doing first-rate in this state. I have pretty good looking trees of the May Duke Carnation, early Richmond, and the common pie cherry, but they don't bear as they should.

I notice that W. T. Little of Rochester, N. Y., offers the Lieb cherry. Will try to learn more of the new sorts of this fruit during the three great fairs to be held in this state this fall, viz., at Minneapolis, Watonwan and Rochester. I shall try to attend them all and learn something of the many new kinds of fruit now growing in this state. If I find anything of interest in regard to the cherry, or anything else, you will be likely to hear from me."

We are greatly obliged to Mr. Jias for the letter and trust he may soon be able to give our readers valuable information about new hardy fruits.

Farm Notes.

MY SIBERIAN WINTER WHEAT came through the winter very fairly, but the Finlay wheat nearly all winter-killed, and so I sowed spring wheat on that plot. At this date, July 1st, a very few pods of American Wonder pea are mature enough for cooking.

STABLE DRAINAGE.—I drew seven loads of cows' urine upon the grass May 29th, about one hundred gallons in a load, and the herds' grass is lodged, while each side it is thin and yellowish. I saturated several loads of muck with this stable sewage and used it for two hundred hills of squash and other vines, but I cannot now estimate the result.

IN MY ORCHARD the Totofsky and Duchess trees are well filled, but my Red Astrachan and St. Lawrence do not reward my patience with a specimen yet. I still think I am very fortunate to have so many apples of the two Russian varieties, because the trees that live and bear are better than the trees of fall apples. I feel interested in all the new methods of evaporating fruits. Now such fruit brings a remunerative price, but when I have a lot to sell, it may be like many other products, so plenty as to be in excess of the demand. All over the country, land owners are planting fruit trees and vines, and a feeling is common that a surplus can be evaporated. Perhaps the time may come, when a farmer will have among his supplies as many pounds of dried fruits as he has of salt pork.

WINTER RYE.—This season gives me my first experience with winter rye. I sowed two and one-half bushels October 18, 1882. Early in the spring it looked very thin, but with more growth the stand was very fair. The heads began to appear June 15, and June 23 I cut a portion for hay, and immediately plowed that portion and planted it with southern white corn for fodder. My rye was three and one-half to four feet high and would have given a good bulk of rye hay. My corn was appearing above ground June 27th and the indications are that a farmer can make two fodder crops in a year. For the second crop there is quite a choice allowable, as Hungarian grass, barley, India wheat, turnips and fodder can stand about equal in promise of a profitable late crop. Most of my rye, however, I save for seed, as last year your crop, Mr. Editor, was the only one I knew in the county, and yours the only available seed this side St. Johnsbury.

REMARKS BY AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.—We do not think we or any middle-aged man will live to see the day when good evaporated fruit will not be salable. Large quantities will be taken for exportation. Farmers certainly should lay in a full stock of fresh and dry fruit to give every member of the family all they want. It makes the pork more wholesome—a "perfect ration."

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Religious Miscellany.

NEARER HOME.
One day's march nearer home,
We pitch our tent to-night,
And in the shadow of thy wings
Await the morning's light.
With thanks for mercies past,
With peace of conscience blest,
With faith in Christ, our righteousness,
We lay us down to rest.
One day's march nearer home,
We lift our earnest prayer,
For daily grace our daily toils
And daily grief to bear.
May water from the rock,
Throughout our journey here below
Our every want supply.
One day's march nearer home!
Our glorious home on high,
Where shades of darkness never come,
Nor night of death draws nigh.
O! may that gentle hand,
And that abiding love,
Thine faith through all our pilgrimages,
Receive our souls above.

—Selected

The Stranger's Mission.

"What! has he gone?" exclaimed Mrs. Tucker, entering the breakfast room, from the kitchen, bringing a small, deep pan of hot water, and finding only Aunt Sylvia, where but three minutes before she had left a trio.

"He has just stepped out on the porch with Mr. Tucker," replied Aunt Sylvia, proceeding to wash the soiled silver she had gathered from the dismantled table, in the pan of water her niece had placed on the sideboard. "Of course, he will not go without, at least, bidding us good morning."

"He has, however," said Mrs. Tucker. "See what long strides he is taking downhill toward the station. He cut short his adieu to you, also, did he not, Mr. Tucker?" she said, as her husband entered the room with a broad smile over his rugged face.

"Well, I must say he beats all," said Mr. Tucker, speaking slowly, and from the open window watching out of sight the retreating figure of his guest. "An entire stranger, bearing the same name as my first wife, but no relation to her whatever as I can make out, fastens himself upon us for six meals and two night's lodgings, breaks up a day and a half for me, drives my horse ten miles or more, routes us up at four o'clock of a summer morning to get him a hot breakfast, that he may take an early train, and goes off without as much as saying, 'Thank you, sir, or, I am obliged to you, or, Give me a call should you ever come my way.'"

"I hope he will enjoy the lunch I put up for him," said Aunt Sylvia, joining in the laugh, and Mrs. Tucker added:

"Under how long it will take to get the smell of tobacco smoke out of the sitting-room. The idea of his filling his pipe, lighting it, and putting away after I had hinted to him that tobacco was offensive to me!"

"He was dressed like a gentleman," said Mr. Tucker, "but for all that, I should class him as a full grown pig."

"He seemed to be possessed of average intelligence," said Aunt Sylvia, as she began to wash the coffee cups, "and I suppose he has treated us quite as well as he treats another. He has lived on this beautiful earth nearly fifty years, been fed, and clothed, and sheltered, and according to his own story, has never recognized the Lord's kindness in any way. If the Lord does not resent his want of appreciation, I suppose we ought not to do so."

Mr. Tucker said nothing, as he went out about his daily work as a farmer.

This Aunt Sylvia of his wife's was a very devout woman, with the right word for the unconverted always at her tongue's end, "but she never meddles with me," the sturdy farmer was wont to say.

The perfect freshness and beauty of the June morning appealed to his heart in an unwonted manner. He was a true lover of nature, and all the rural charms of verdure, and foliage, and witching scenery about this, his ancestral home, were a part of his life, yet it seemed to him that he had never breathed in the marvelous fullness and perfection of the June bounteousness as on this morning when the ascending sun cast over the dew-laden windrow its own peculiar rose-tint.

"I am fifty-five," said the farmer to himself, "for a half century I have stood on this hill-top at all seasons, and at all times enjoyed my surroundings. I have had good health, an abundance of this world's goods, and but few sorrows. The Lord has been very good to me, but I have never fully appreciated it, and have never expressed myself to the All-Giver as being thankful. Oh! what a wretch I have been!"

For a week Mr. Tucker turned this matter over and over in his mind. One thought made way for another. He no sooner tried to find an excuse for one shortcoming, than a worse one came to take its place.

"I don't know what ails Mr. Tucker," said his wife, "he neither eats nor sleeps, he takes no interest in anything you or I say, do, he doesn't even read the daily paper."

"I have noticed it," said Aunt Sylvia. "His work don't seem to be getting on, either, and there is a good reason why; he just wanders around the farm without staying long enough in one place to accomplish anything, and he stands for a half hour at a time looking off into the distance in one direction or another, as if he was taking in all the features of a view quite new to him. It is not like Mr. Tucker at all."

"I can't understand it," said Mrs. Tucker. "He may be bilious. I will go right away and make him a spring syrup."

The next morning a small glass of the decoction was handed him by his anxious wife, as he stood in the dining-room doorway, looking pale and worn, gazing far off upon the distant hills.

He shook his head and said with an apparent effort:

"No wonder you are anxious about me. I am anxious about myself, but the remedy is not thoroughwort or yellow dock. Aunt Sylvia, how does a person atone for fifty years of willful neglect of God's goodness?"

"So that is it!" exclaimed the good woman. "The Lord be praised. The stranger had a mission here after all. It was to show Abraham Tucker to Abraham Tucker. Let us take your query to the Lord."

The change was not an instantaneous one, but it came at last after real repentance and much prayer, and it brought a marvelous joy and peace.

Mr. Tucker tries to make his present daily life atone for years of neglect, and he charges all his young friends to start early in the right way, that they may enjoy the fullness of life which only comes to those who love and serve the Lord.—Mrs. Annie A. Preston, in *Christian at Work*.

The Wrath of God.

Men think that, if you preach that God is love, you take away all possible spring of fear. Not at all. There is nowhere a mere powerful and righteous administration of pain and penalty, than in the government of a wise parent who loves the child so that it will not suffer wrong in him. There is the whole of Mount Sinai in the hand of the weeping mother, and a whole Mount Calvary in her heart; and the child gets them both. The idea that love will not put to pain is as absurd as that a surgeon will not cut. Love will not pain men? It is as absurd as that medicine is not bitter and distasteful. A surgeon who will not cut is no surgeon, and a physician who will not prescribe drugs, bitter things, is no proper physician. A parent who loves and will suffer the child to go down to piggyish animism is not fit to be a parent. I say that the mother's eye sees the wickedness in a child much quicker than anybody else. The more powerfully and heroically, and nobly you love, the more resentful you are to everything in the loved one that is discordant; and the administration of God in Jesus Christ is not an administration which takes away pain and penalty. God will not suffer men to be unrighteous, if he loves them. "What child is he whom the father chasteneth not?" saith the word of revelation. What child is he? No child; he is a bastard. "If ye suffer chastisement of God, ye are the sons of God." Love punishes. There is no punishment like that of love. When, in the Apocalyptic vision, the terror of men is described, it is not described simply as the terror of the lion, but the most terrible sentence that sounds out from the New Testament is, "To hide us from the wrath of the Lamb." Infinite tenderness, infinite self-sacrifice, infinite pity, purity unalloyed, looking down upon men, judging them and condemning them—that is awful. If a man is coarsely bred, and is angry with me, very well; I do not care for him. If a man is devoted to the interests of selfishness here and there, sometimes up and down, his judgments of me worth just what they are—very little at any time—are inconvenient, but of no moral validity. But if a man of the most scrupulous honor and truth looks me in the eye and says, "You are dishonest," it is an arrow in my heart. If a lovely matron says to me, "I cannot endure the vulgarity of your presence," heaven shield me from the judgment of love and purity! God, as represented upon Sinai, is a thousand times easier to be borne. It is an argument of fear and dread more to have the Lamb your judge, than to be judged by the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. Let no man, therefore, wonder how long it will take to get the smell of tobacco smoke out of the sitting-room. The idea of his filling his pipe, lighting it, and putting away after I had hinted to him that tobacco was offensive to me!

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WRITE down the advice of him who loves you, though you like it not.

WHAT we ought not to do, we should not ever think of doing.—Epictetus.

New Advertisements.

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THE marvelous results of Hood's Sarsaparilla upon all humors and low conditions of the blood, (as proven by the cures effected) prove it the best BLOOD MEDICINE. Such has been the success of this article at home and abroad, that it is now being sold in every household. It eradicates scrofula, vitalizes and restores the blood, and cures all diseases of the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, Hood's Sarsaparilla cures dyspepsia, Hood's Sarsaparilla cures biliousness, Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases of the blood. It builds up and strengthens the system, while it eradicates disease, and as nature's great assistant, proves itself invaluable as a protection from diseases that originate in changes of the seasons, of climate and of life.

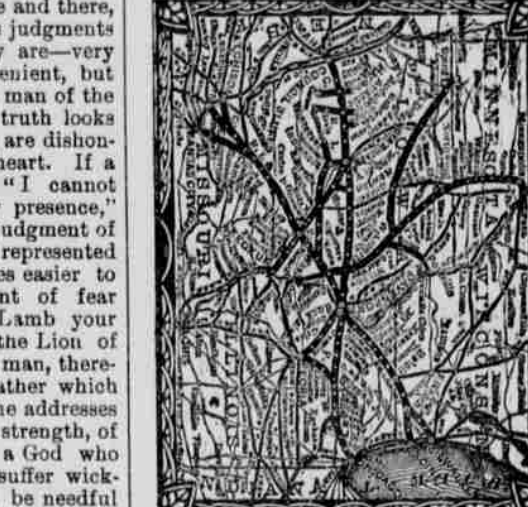
SCROFULA.

125 HOWARD STREET, LOWELL, MASS., Jan. 17, 1883. Messrs. C. I. Hood & Co., Gentlemen:—I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla in my family for scrofulous humors with wonderful success, and am happy to tell you that it is the best medicine we ever used. I do sincerely advise any one who is troubled with scrofula to give this valuable remedy a trial, and assure them that they will not be disappointed. Very truly yours, C. C. PICKERING, (Columb Shuttle Co.)

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cents per bottle; six for \$1.50. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL BE WELL ADVISED BY EXAMINING THE MAP HERE SHOWN.



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R.R.
By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Lawrence, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Illinois and the Pacific States. Its equipment is superior, its management efficient, its service prompt, its rates low and its facilities for the traveler ample. It is the most comfortable and beautiful day coaches, magnificent Pullman sleeping cars, and the best line of dining cars in the world. Through trains between Chicago and St. Paul, Minneapolis and St. Paul, and Chicago and St. Paul and intermediate points.

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A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kanabos, has recently been opened between Chicago and Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette and Omaha. Through trains between Chicago and St. Paul, Minneapolis and St. Paul, and Chicago and St. Paul and intermediate points.

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How Watch Cases are Made.

Most persons have an ambition to carry a gold watch case, and yet few people know how a watch case is made, or the vast difference in the quality of them. In a **SOLID GOLD WATCH CASE**, aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the metal is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply strength. The surplus is not only needless, but undesirable, because gold is a soft metal and cannot furnish the stiffness, strength and elasticity necessary to make the case permanently strong and close-fitting. The perfect watch case must combine gold with some metal that will supply that in which the gold is deficient. This has been accomplished by the **James Ross Gold Watch Case**, which saves the waste of needless gold, and increases the solidity and strength of the case, and at the same time reduces the cost one-half.

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Ross' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be continued.)

Auction Sale!

I will sell at public auction on Thursday, September 27, 1883, at one o'clock, P. M., my

Home Farm of 200 Acres

situated one mile south of Marshfield village, on the road to Montpelier. There is a good sugar orchard of 80 trees and a good apple orchard sufficient for family use. The buildings are nearly new and in good condition. The house is massive and well built, with a large parlor, good kitchen, and a large barn, with a good stable, and a good cow house. The farm is well divided, and under a good state of cultivation.

Will Cut Eighty Tons of Hay.

I have a quantity of back pasture also for sale. I would like parties wishing to purchase, to come and see it before the crops are put in or in the fall, and see for themselves what the farm is. Also on Wednesday, Oct. 3, 1883, at one o'clock, P. M.,

A Farm in Woodbury, Vt.,

at the head of West Long Pond, on the West Woodbury road leading from Marshfield through Woodbury, Vermont. Contains about 175 acres, well divided, the mowing being mostly meadow and intervals, and

Cuts Fifteen Tons of Hay,